

THE FAR CUBAN IS LEARNING ENGLISH.

Took Her First Lesson Yesterday and Studied It Eagerly.

A HOST OF VISITORS.

Every Few Moments Would Sound "Rap, Rap, Rap," and Then a Caller.

THE SUIT SHE ESCAPED IN.

When It Came Miss Cisneros Was Deeply Affected by the Memories It Aroused.

LOOKING FORWARD TO TONIGHT

To Her It Means Meeting Face to Face the American Public, and She Anticipates Great Pleasure.

By Emma Kemp.

Rap-rap-rap. "Entrée!" cried Evangelina Cossio y Cisneros for the twentieth time. It was only 9 o'clock in the morning, yet the little Senorita had been up and dressed for two hours and a half. "A letter for Miss Cisneros." It was the tenth. She tore it open. "Congratulations to you and heartiest praise to your gallant rescuer!" Rap-rap-rap. "A note for Miss Cisneros." "Hurrah for the New York Journal and Cuba's little heroine!" Rap-rap-rap. "A card for Miss Cisneros." "Might an admirer see you just a moment to press your hand and tell you?"

Rap-rap-rap. A whole bundle of notes this time, all bearing a single message. It came in English, in Spanish, in German, in aristocratic chirography, in the round writing of school children, sometimes misspelled, often unpunctuated; it came in the strong, clear hand of business men, with well-known signatures, without any signatures at all—always the same refrain from the hearts of the people.

"Say to them, please, that I thank them—say that I want to tell them so through the Journal, and that soon I shall tell them so myself."

The little Senorita's eyes were filled with tears, but she spoke through lips that smiled in spite of them.

Rap-rap-rap. This time it was a collection of boxes. When one has escaped from prison in a single gown, with a tiny black satin bag for a trunk, even a simple trousseau becomes an affair of interesting proportions. No bride is tried on her finery with more interest than the little Cisneros. Few brides have been so long without any.

She Likes Pink, Too. She had selected a little in her preference for black. When she saw herself in pink she smiled as you would have if you could have seen her.

Evangelina Cisneros comes from Puerto Principe, the Kentucky of the island of Cuba, famous for its beautiful women and wonderful ponies. She has the delicate features that belong there, the high-bred air, the graceful carriage, the pearl-like complexion. Her gown of ivory sent a flush to her cheeks. She was beautiful in a new way. Naturally she is pale. When she is quiet she has the look of a statue. Madam, but she is not quiet more than a minute at a time. If she had not been kept busy being a heroine she might have made a fortune as an actress.

Rap-rap-rap. It was the coffee. The little Evangelina's hair has been less speckled than Cleo do Merode's. When you see her you will understand why. There are other things to think of when one deals with a heroine of history.

"What shall I do with it?" cried the coffee as a great mass of curly hair fell with the rest of the hairpins to Evangelina's waist.

At the first glance one might say it was black, but see it in the sunlight or under the glare of a chandelier and it is brown. It is three shades lighter than her eye-brows, and not at all the color of the hair which are dark hazel. It is the sort of hair that looks best when it is tousled, when it forms itself into the curls of nature's making, like the locks of a romping child.

"Make it, please, as simple as possible," cried the little Senorita. "In all things I like simplicity. It is why I choose black and white for my dresses. I love white, even in the flowers. The jessamine I choose to wear all the rest of the season, too; but, above all, the white jessamine." Evangelina has her own ideas about everything—even the roses. She is devoted to them with a tenacity and confidence that the seclusion of a prison has not broken.

Rap-rap-rap! A bundle dove up in shabby, brown paper, tied with a thick, rough string, was handed in at the door.

"Que es? What is it?" murmured the Senorita as she opened it. "Ah!" Evangelina gave a great cry of surprise, of joy. And what it looked like! A mass of blue serge was clasped to her breast. She crossed her arms over it and rocked and rocked. She kissed it with ecstacy. She wept over it; she gazed over it. She leaned her cheek upon it and crooned to it. She murmured to it terms of endearment such as one might use to a long lost friend. Suddenly she threw back her head and gave a long, loud, merry laugh.

The Suit She Escaped In. From her arms there fell a coat, a pair of trousers, a little jacket, a white shirt, a round collar, a sash hat. It was the boy's suit Evangelina had worn when she made her memorable escape. It was the first time she had seen it since she left the steamer.

Down on her knees she sank beside it. Each piece seemed to tell her of a separate memory, a forgotten incident. She rattled off a dozen Spanish sentences to the second.

"Ah! but for this I might now be in the mad house instead of in the Hotel Waldorf. Count Corcoran came one day with physicians. Weyler had promised to the people that I should go into a convent. But no—no, it was the mad house they intended for me! I saw it at once. I asked, 'Why do I need physicians to take me to the convent? Better a prison!'"

"And here is the pocket." The little Senorita stuck her hand lovingly into its depths. "The pocket which hid my hand that is so like the hand of a woman." Up

"And here—here are the shoes." Up

What Do You Want? Sunday Journal "Wants" bringing Monday morning returns. Have your ad. in early.

In the future of the first Mayor of Greater New York FREE with each "Want."



Miss Cisneros Takes Her First Lesson in English.

TRAIN TRAGEDY A LUNATIC'S WORK.

Slayer of Miss Camp, Near London, Believed to Be a Barrister.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

London, Oct. 15.—The mysterious murder of pretty Miss Camp early this year in a London suburban train is on the eve of a startling solution.

The guilty person is stated to be a clever barrister of good family, who has on several occasions manifested homicidal tendencies. These on one occasion led to his being placed in a private lunatic asylum.

On the day preceding the murder of Miss Camp the man left his home with a pestle in his possession. He returned home several days afterward without the pestle, and failed to give any explanation to account for his absence.

For various reasons, among others the condition of his clothing and the description of the pestle found on the line, the man's relatives at once suspected him of having been concerned in the murder of Miss Camp, and again placed him under control, representing him as a dangerous homicidal maniac.

Secured His Release. He recovered, however, sufficiently to be able to demand his release from the private asylum in which he had been placed, and this was granted him by the officials.

Subsequently, however, in consequence of another outbreak, it was found necessary to again detain him, and his relatives, on a full consideration of the facts and acting under advice, communicated their suspicions concerning him to the police.

Their object in so doing is to make certain of his permanent detention in a lunatic asylum. The man will therefore probably be formally tried and shut up in a criminal asylum for life.

SHAW HELD FOR HIS MOTHER'S MURDER.

He Is Arrested, Charged with Killing Her and Her Mother.

A TELL-TALE REVOLVER

Detectives Find It In a Chimney and Eli Turns Pale When He Sees It.

AT HIS SWEETHEART'S HOME.

He Kisses Mabel Neilson Good-by, Little Thinking That He Is Going Out to Be Arrested.

Camden, N. J., Oct. 15.—Eli Shaw is a prisoner at last, charged with having murdered his mother and his grandmother last Tuesday morning, just before dawn.

"We have the right man," said Prosecutor Jenkins to-night. "There is not the slightest doubt about that."

"We have the right man," said the Chief of Police. "We have the right man," said the Philadelphia detectives, who had been helping him to ferret out the mystery.

They were all very emphatic but at the same time very reticent. Not a word of explanation would they offer of their certainty as to Eli Shaw's guilt. This arose from the impression that Eli Shaw had made a confession. The incoherent screams and sobs of a man fell upon the ears of the curiosity mongers who swarmed around the jail after the news of his arrest was bruited abroad.

The handle of the revolver with which the two women were killed precipitated Shaw's arrest. Lieutenant Pettit and Detective Payne, sent open the chimney pocket in the cellar of the house and there, embedded in soot, was found a revolver. Two shots had been fired from it.

Before Eli Shaw was taken to the jail he was pushed through the stove-pipe hole in Eli's bedroom, on the third floor. The detectives went at once in search of Eli Shaw. They found him at the house of his uncle, Foster Zane. He was with his sweetheart, Mabel Neilson, of Woodbury. They were talking about their approaching marriage, set for November 16.

Eli was not surprised at being requested to go to the City Hall. He had spent much of his time there since the murder, answering questions and repeating with many variations his story of the two burglars who had broken into the house and killed his mother and grandmother.

"Be sure to come to the funeral to-morrow," said Miss Neilson, as he kissed her good-by.

"Oh, yes, I'll be there," replied the girl, as unsuspecting as her lover.

But a surprise awaited Eli when he reached the City Hall. Chief Dodd called him in abrupt terms of being the murderer of his mother and grandmother.

"Before God, I am innocent," exclaimed Eli Shaw, throwing up both his hands. But his voice trembled. He was shown that the revolver which had been found.

"I don't know how it got there," he said, "but it might have been grandfather's."

What happened after that none of the officials who were present will reveal. It can only be conjectured, from the sobs of the prisoner and the calm confidence of the prosecutor, that it was something momentous. After a rigid examination in the Mayor's private office he was led to a cell.

"We have all agreed to say nothing about what Shaw said," said Mr. Jenkins afterward. "The work is not done yet." Eli continued to deny it.

It was immediately after this that Chief Dodd swore to a complaint charging Eli Shaw with the double murder, and Justice Stackhouse committed the prisoner without bail for hearing to-morrow.

The theory on which Eli Shaw was arrested is that he killed for gain. Mrs. Zane, his grandmother, was a property owner. She had made a will in which one house was bequeathed to her son, Edward, and two houses to her daughter, Mrs. Shaw. At the death of Mrs. Zane's daughter the houses were to revert to Eli. Hence, by killing his grandmother and mother he would come into possession of his heritage at once. The police have learned that he had taken Miss Neilson, his fiancée, to see a house in Carteret street and had promised to buy it. He had no money of his own, working as he did for a small salary as bookkeeper for Taylor Brothers, makers of agricultural implements.

Eli Shaw is nineteen years old and a young man of precise habits. He is a member of the Wiley Methodist Episcopal Church and was esteemed a youth of assiduous habits and great piety. At the time of the double murder he had recently recovered from a mild attack of typhoid fever, but he had passed the convalescent stage.



Eli Shaw, Charged With Killing His Mother and Grandmother.

It was last Tuesday when the women were found dead in their home, at Camden, N. J., but only yesterday was young Shaw arrested and directly charged with the murder.



FLORENCE B. BAKER TO WED WILLIAM GOADBY LOEW.

MISS FLORENCE B. BAKER, known to her friends as "Queenie" Baker, has become engaged to William Goadby Loew. Miss Baker is the handsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Baker, of No. 258 Madison avenue. Mr. Baker is the president of the First National Bank. Miss Baker is very handsome, and has been vastly admired since she came out. It will be recalled that her name was associated with an unfortunate accident last March. She was driving, when she suddenly turned the corner of Fifth avenue and Fortieth street, and the shaft of her trap struck James P. Kernochan, causing his death.

Miss Baker was entirely prostrated for a time by the sad mishap. But for this her engagement to Mr. Loew would have been announced last Spring.

She is prospectively a great heiress. Mr. Loew is also very rich. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Loew, of No. 25 West Fifty-seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker and Miss Baker are now occupying a suite of rooms at the Tuxedo Club house. The announcement of the engagement has caused a stir at the place, which is now crowded. It is not probable that the wedding of the couple will be long delayed. Miss Baker, like many other society young women of the day, is devoted to outdoor sports. She is highly accomplished.

STREET CLEANERS ARE ALL FURIOUS.

Would Court Martial Gardiner for His Slander of Waring.

The alleged declaration of Colonel Asa Bird Gardiner, Tammany candidate for District Attorney, in his recent speech that "they have been stealing a million a year in cleaning the streets," has stirred up the Street Cleaning Department.

Colonel Gardiner is a retired officer of the United States Army, and there happen to be several retired army officers in the Street Cleaning Department. These latter are not more incensed over Colonel Gardiner's alleged charge than the other department officials, but it is they who mean to bring the Tammany candidate to task.

They propose to ask for a court-martial by the War Department under the rules of the army—to which all retired officers are amenable—that declare that army officers shall not make defamatory statements about brother officers.

Gibson Asks for an Explanation. Captain Francis M. Gibson, Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of himself and other retired officers in the department.

He has written to Colonel Gardiner asking for an explanation. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., the Commissioner, yesterday gave out the letter, together with a statement that ended as follows:

"I am told that I should not meddle with politics, and I will know that, so I do not do so. It is my duty, however, in a political speech, or elsewhere, to question the honesty of a man, and I am doing so. Then, as Street Cleaning, I shall meddle with him—every time."

Colonel Gibson's letter to Colonel Gardiner merely asked if Colonel Gardiner was correctly reported as saying that the department had been stealing a million a year in cleaning the streets. Then he wrote to Commissioner Waring, his chief, as follows:

Yesterday, to save time, I sent my letter to Colonel Gardiner by messenger. The reply came back that he was too busy then to answer it. I afterward sent twice to his office with no better result and this morning I sent again. I have yet to receive a written reply to my query. My personal responsibility for any possible stealing in this department remains the same.

An Emphatic Denunciation. Colonel Waring's statement then declared that as disbursing officer Captain Gibson spends nearly all the money that could be stolen in the Department of Street Cleaning. Next comes a letter from the chief clerk, Thomas A. Doe, who is disbursing officer for the accuracy of all our accounts, who knows the exact condition of all our transactions, and who is, therefore, implicated in this charge. Mr. Doe's letter is as follows:

If the report of Colonel Gardiner is true, then Colonel Gardiner is so many kinds of a liar that he hardly knows where to begin to disprove it. If he made the statements referring to this department accredited to him, he is unquestionably a dangerous liar, a malicious liar, a vicious liar, an unprincipled liar, a discredited liar, a liar to the hilt, a liar to the party whom he pretends to represent, a discredited to humanity and to the public, a liar to the very core. I am a member, and was not that I feel that I should take no action without your approval, and because I am personally concerned in the matter and personally offended and insulted, state to him that he is a liar in the very strongest language I could command. I should be glad to have your permission to act freely in the matter.

In the plan of asking for a court-martial Colonel Waring himself can take no part, having resigned from the army and not being a retired officer, as the case of the late Major Cushing and Colonel Gardiner.

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RAISING A MILLION FOR PLATT'S FIGHT

Trusts and All Who May Benefit by His Victory Heavily Assessed.

The tension upon the Republican leg was kept up yesterday by General E. A. McAlpin, treasurer of the Republican State Committee, who has undertaken the job of raising a million dollars to elect the Republican city and county tickets in Greater New York, and as much more for use in the remainder of the State. The need for an abundance for the city is deemed most important, for, while the G. O. P. has normally a pretty good chance in the rest of the State anyway, the situation here is conceded to be desperate and calls for heroic measures.

The immediate danger they claim, is in the election of the next Legislature. Lavish expenditure, it is believed, may stem the tide of Democratic victory, enough to save some Assemblymen in closely contested districts, and possibly a county officer or two.

Sugden Gets Two Years and a Half. Albert V. Sugden, Banker R. T. Wilson's former valet, was sent to Sing Sing prison yesterday for two years and a half, by Recorder Gott, for stealing the Wilson jewels. The Recorder told him he was worse than any ordinary criminal, because he had stolen from a man who had befriended him.

This morning We place on sale At our Three Stores another lot of those hand-some Black worsted chevrot.

Top Coats, Also Covert Cloth Top Coats.

Both are silk-lined throughout.

Covert Cloth has Strap Seams.

\$10 The way these goods sold the other day.

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RICH DERRYS, \$1.90, in the newest styles.

PEARL ALPINE, \$1.90.

SILK HATS, \$5.00 A saving of \$1.00 each hat.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

The goods you find in the most exclusive stores. We buy them low for spot cash and sell at close profits.

Imported dress shirts, \$1.50; the famous Henrich brand, worth \$2.50.

PAJAMAS, \$5.00. Reindeer gloves, \$5.00; pair of light gloves.

Pure worsted underwear, \$5.00 a garment; worth \$7.50.

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Saturday, October 16th, 1897, at 8 P. M.

The following speakers will address the meeting:

HON. PERRY BELMONT, HON. ROBERT R. ROOSEVELT, HON. JAMES H. HARRISON, HON. ASA BIRD GARDINER, and others.

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